

BENNETT · GILLEN · HANS · SAUVAGE

I602

WITCH HUNTER ANGELA

PART ONE

SECRET
WARS
MARVEL

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MARVEL

PART ONE
VARIANT EDITION

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WITCH HUNTER ANGELA



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**SECRET
WARS**

RATED T+
\$3.99US
DIRECT EDITION
MARVEL.COM



SECRET
WAR
MARVEL

PART ONE
VARIANT EDITION



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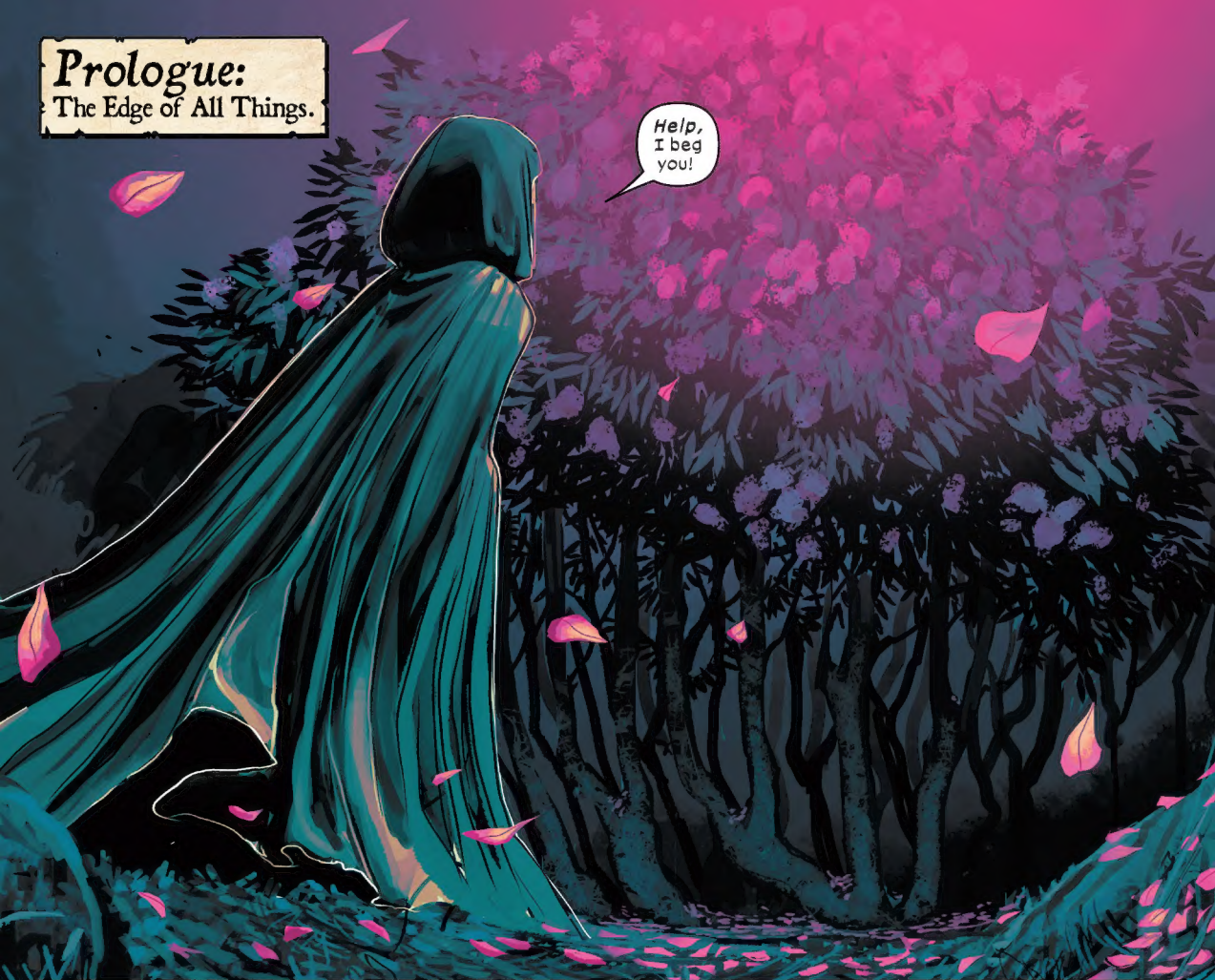
WITCH HUNTER GWENGELA

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Prologue:

The Edge of All Things.



Help,
I beg
you!

I
only have--
but a little
time...

Is
anyone--
oh!



A
penitent?

Please,
I haven't much,
but--

No, pray,
do not touch
m--



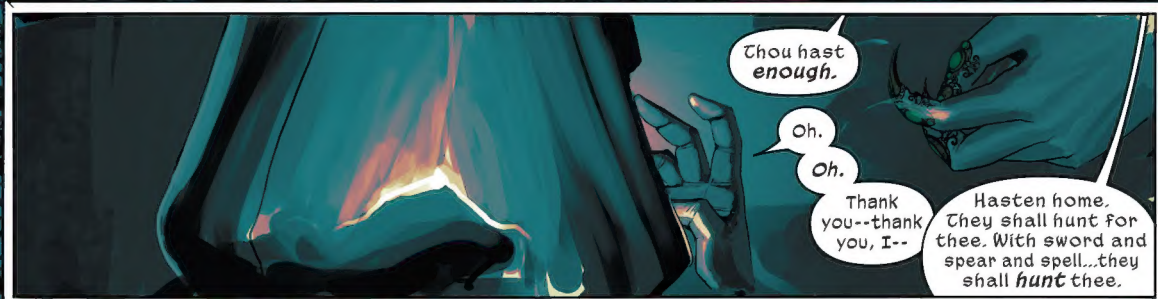
Thou hast
enough.

Oh.

Oh.

Thank
you--thank
you, I--

Hasten home.
They shall hunt for
thee. With sword and
spear and spell...they
shall *hunt* thee.



Secret Wars

The Multiverse was undone!

The heroes of Earth-616 and Earth-1610 'twere powerless to save it!

Now, all that remains is...Battleworld:

A massive, patchwork planet compos'd of the fragments of the worlds that have left this mortal plane, maintain'd by the iron will of its god and master, Victor Von Doom!

Each climature is a domain unto itself!



WITCH HUNTER ANGELA

Part One, In Which Wicked Somethings This Way Come

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With Further Entertainments by...

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Angela co-created by Todd McFarlane & Neil Gaiman

Windsor Castle,
King James' England.

No!
At such a...
sinister hour
you *cannot*
see King
James!

I would step aside with haste, sir. My friend and I dislike being delayed. This is a most *serious* business.

Then it will be serious business in the morning!

I am Lord Essex! The King's strong left hand! This is simply impossi--



I know
not its exact
nature, my king.
It is dead
now.

It was a
mechanism that
seemed crafted to
perform a solitary
murderous
purpose.

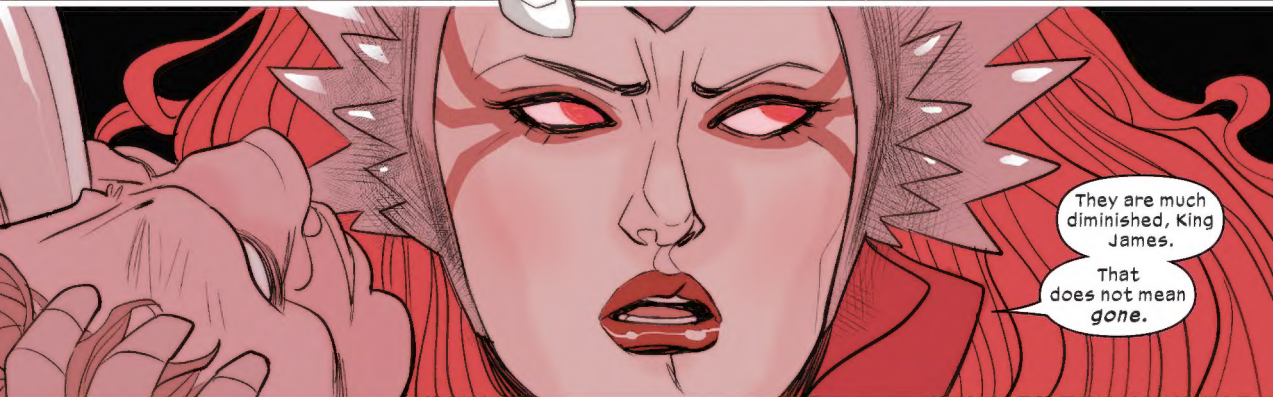
I thought
it *Witchbreed*,
so I slew it.

And better
it be slain than to
risk such an abomination
going free, poisoning wells
and creating warty frogs
and similar.

So says
Angela, Witch
Hunter. And so agrees
Serah, also Witch
Hunter.

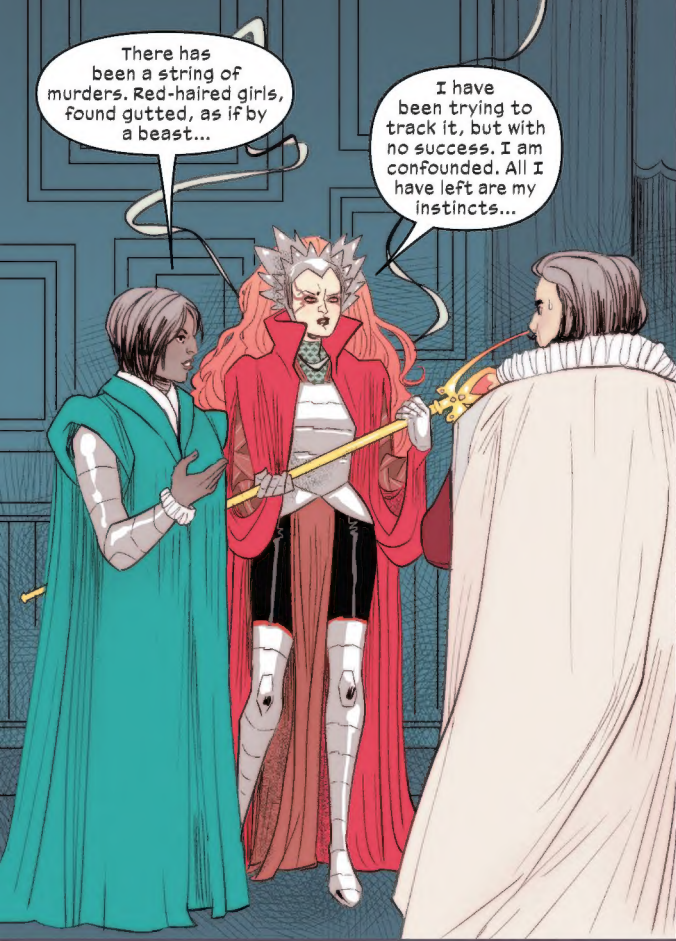
I thought
my passion for
purging the monsters
most foul was
unparalleled, but
you surpass all,
Angela.

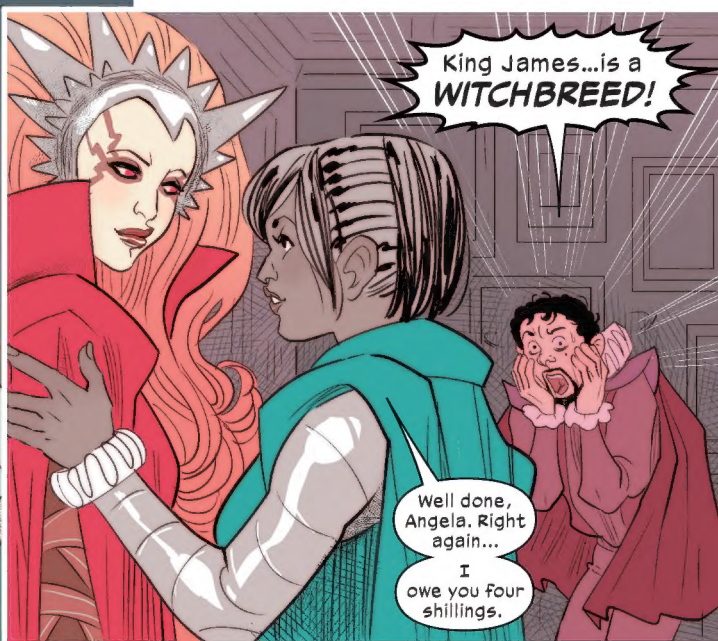
Due to the tireless
work of your order, the threat of
the *Witchbreed* is much diminished. When they
once crawled or flew or wrought tempests with
a flickering gaze, there are now scarce few left...



They are much
diminished, King
James.

That
does not mean
gone.





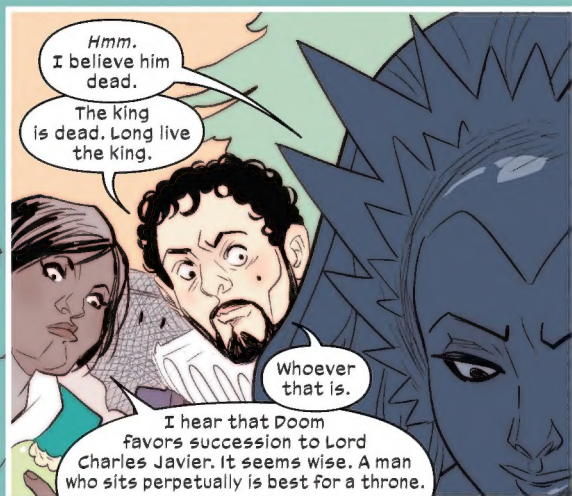


And Lord Doom will not suffer a Witchbreed to live.

But why would King James hate Witchbreed so much when he was one himself?

What better disguise? Who would suspect him of being what he hated? And once the Witchbreed threat was diminished, orders like ours would be dismantled and he would be safe.

gurggle gurggle



Hmm. I believe him dead.

The king is dead. Long live the king.

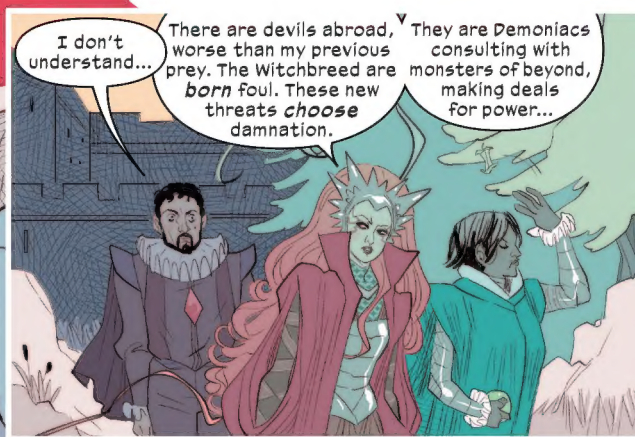
Whoever that is.

I hear that Doom favors succession to Lord Charles Javier. It seems wise. A man who sits perpetually is best for a throne.



Anyone is better than James. The idea of a Witchbreed on the throne of our fair land? I shudder at the thought.

Almost as much as I shudder at what lies ahead...



I don't understand...

There are devils abroad, worse than my previous prey. The Witchbreed are **born** foul. These new threats **choose** damnation.

They are Demoniacs consulting with monsters of beyond, making deals for power...



These creatures, these **Faustians** are Angela's prey now.



Long live the king!

Death to the Faustians!

And so with the Witchbreed banished and Good King Charles the First on the throne, the Witch Hunters can turn their attention to this most serious business...

...such as drinking with
ne'er-do-well playwrights.

The Mermaid Tavern, London.

Convenient
that the hunt for
the next wretch leads
us to a *tavern*,
my sweet.

Not
convenient at all.
It was dreadfully
difficult to
arrange.

Lady Serah!
Hunting hides
tonight?

Oh, just
one. A seducer,
they say.

Aye,
I might fit that
description.

Ben Jonson, your pelt would not buy me
so much as a dead hen. I should have
better luck charging Pekker to
pay the next round.

You
are better
than Drummond
for gossip, Lady
Serah.

Thank you,
Spenser, but I'm no
match for William Sha--where
is that devil? Is the Bard
too good to come drink
with his friends?

Never trust
a man who would
sooner write than drink.
He never blots a line,
though I say better that
he had blotted a
thousand.

Serah, I do
not understand
any of these
jibes.

I know.
We are being
dreadfully inaccessible,
are we not? 'Tis
very impolite.

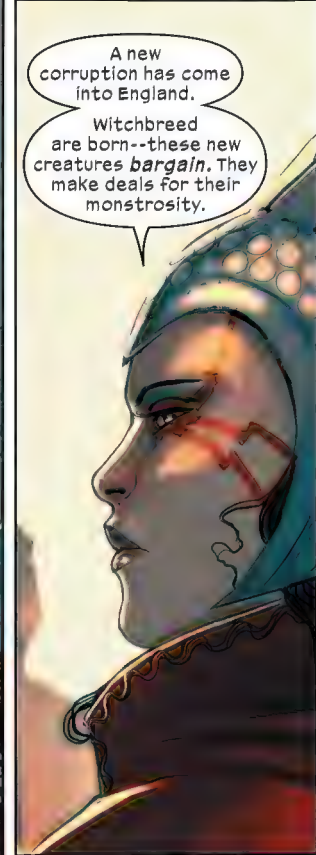
I
shall hurry
it along.



Here, Angela dear, talk to *Kit Marlowe*.

You have the eyes of a prowling alley cat--did you know that, my lady? No, no--I mean no offense.

I know you hunt Witchbreed, but tonight, I think Serah's volleys ring true. Tonight you hunt something different--but nothing of which any man here could brag.



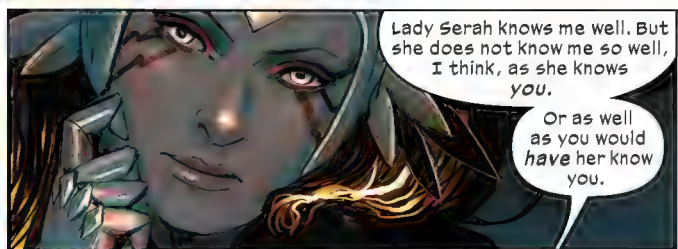
A new corruption has come into England.

Witchbreed are born--these new creatures *bargain*. They make deals for their monstrosity.



Like Doctor Faustus and Mephistopheles. Perhaps you do not know, dear lady, but I have written a play of that very name--

Serah warned me you would give yourself the credit.



Lady Serah knows me well. But she does not know me so well, I think, as she knows *you*.

Or as well as you would *have* her know you.



Excuse me, Lady Serah, you come late from Windsor Castle, do you not? I have heard but dire tidings...they say the King is slain.

Benjamin Urlich, you certainly do not waste your breath to please the ladies.

We are the only ones in this tavern, madam, who know that women though you two may be...*you are no ladies*.



Your definition of that word is so thin, Master Urlich. I wonder it does not cut your tongue.

Mind me, sir. I shall show you something *sharper*.



Good folk
of the Mermaid
Tavern!

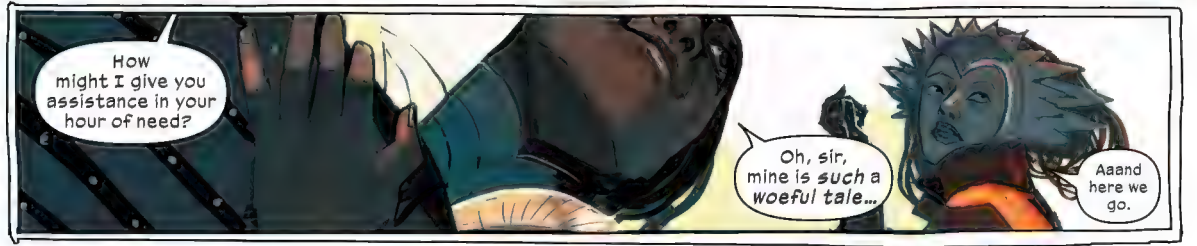
None of
these villains
will aid an honest
woman in
distress!



Gentle
lady!



Madam--
I have the honor
to be Captain James
Barnes, of Clan
Buchanan.



How
might I give you
assistance in your
hour of need?

Oh, sir,
mine is such a
woeful tale...

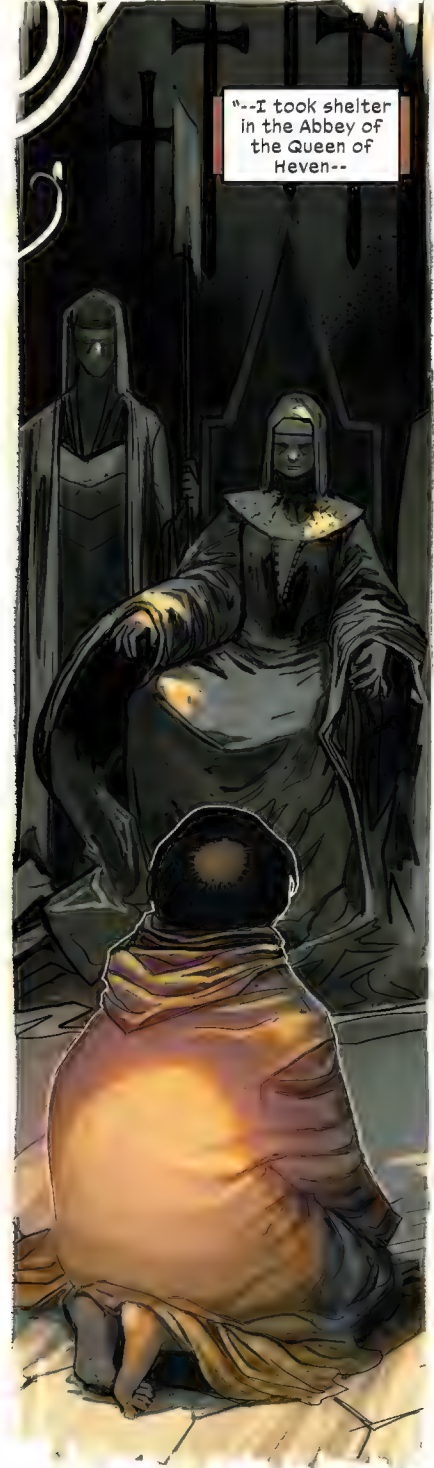
Aaand
here we
go.



"As you have the honor to be a captain of noble rank, I have the misfortune to be Lady Serah, of Anchorton Manor."



"After the death of my noble father (Doom preserve him in his great reward!)--"



"--I took shelter in the Abbey of the Queen of Heaven--"

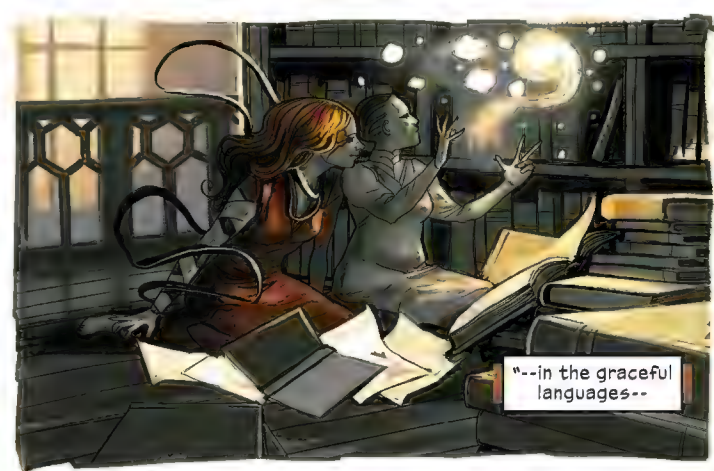


"--and among the holy sisters there."

"We were educated in the most genteel and delicate arts."



"In fine needlework--"



"--in the graceful languages--"



"--in dancing and weaving and soaring song--"

"Yet now I am returned to the world, and find my wicked uncle means to secure my property by suit of marriage! He declares that he shall have me wed and all my lands and titles pass to him."



Sisters! All of England shall perish if we do not fight the rising tide of evil that is preying on our land!
Hunt down the Witchbreed-- and root them out!

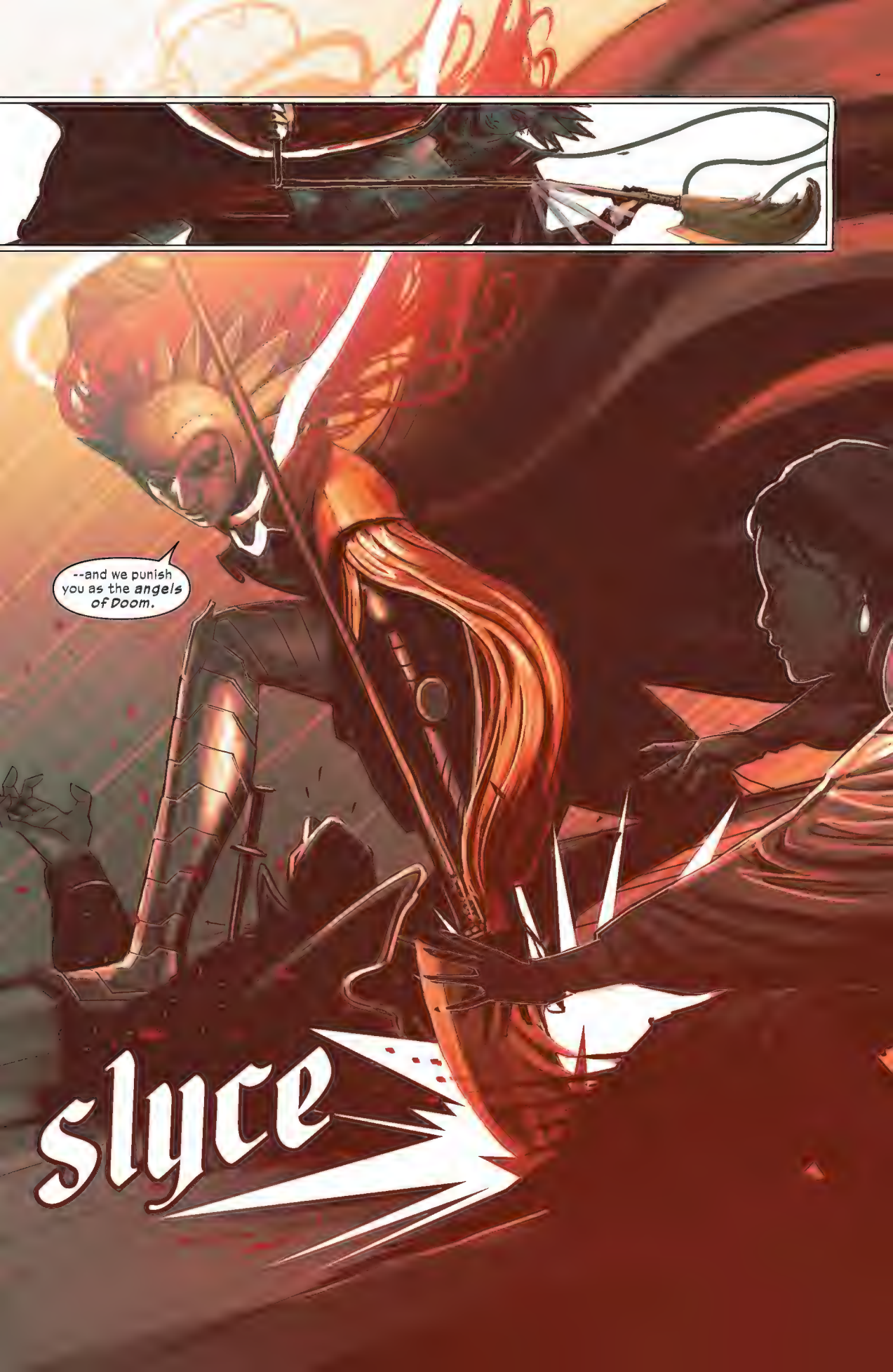


"I and Good Sister Angela, my handmaid and chaperone, have traveled far and wide, clashing with the agents of my wicked uncle--"

"And even implored the aid of our late King--"

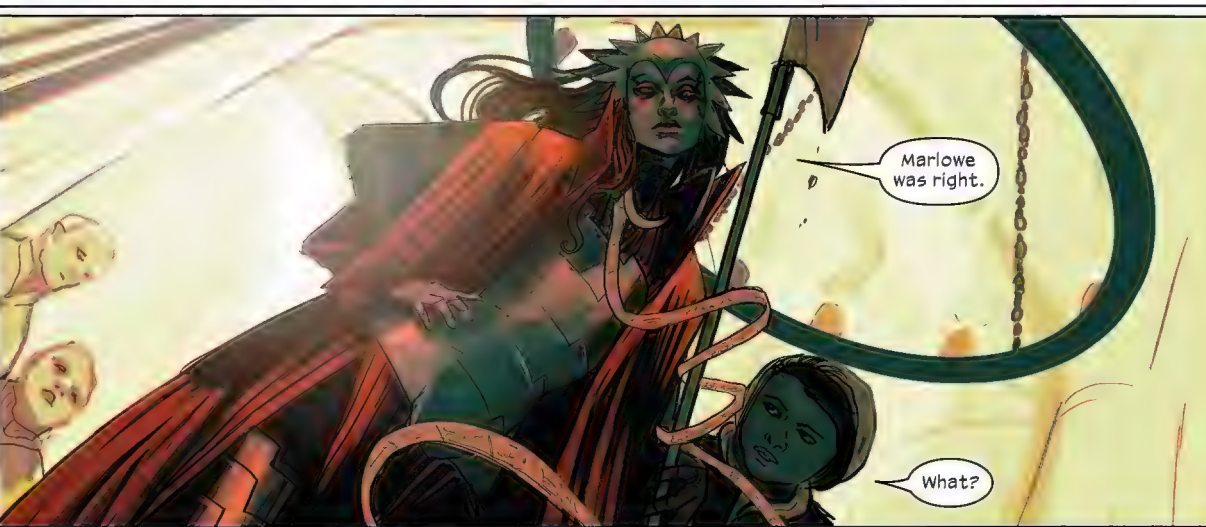


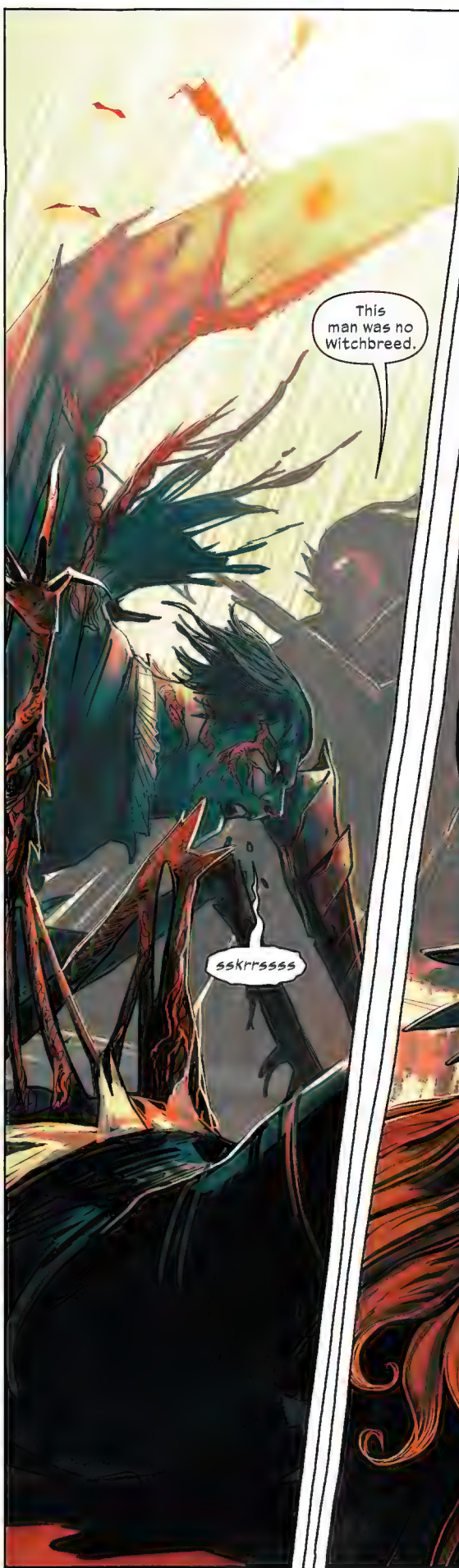
--to save us all from this grasping shadow.
Captain James Barnes, of Clan Buchanan, I charge you of the seduction and unnatural murder of Lady Istu Ogun--"



--and we punish
you as the *angels*
of Doom.

slyce





This man was no Witchbreed.

sskrrssss



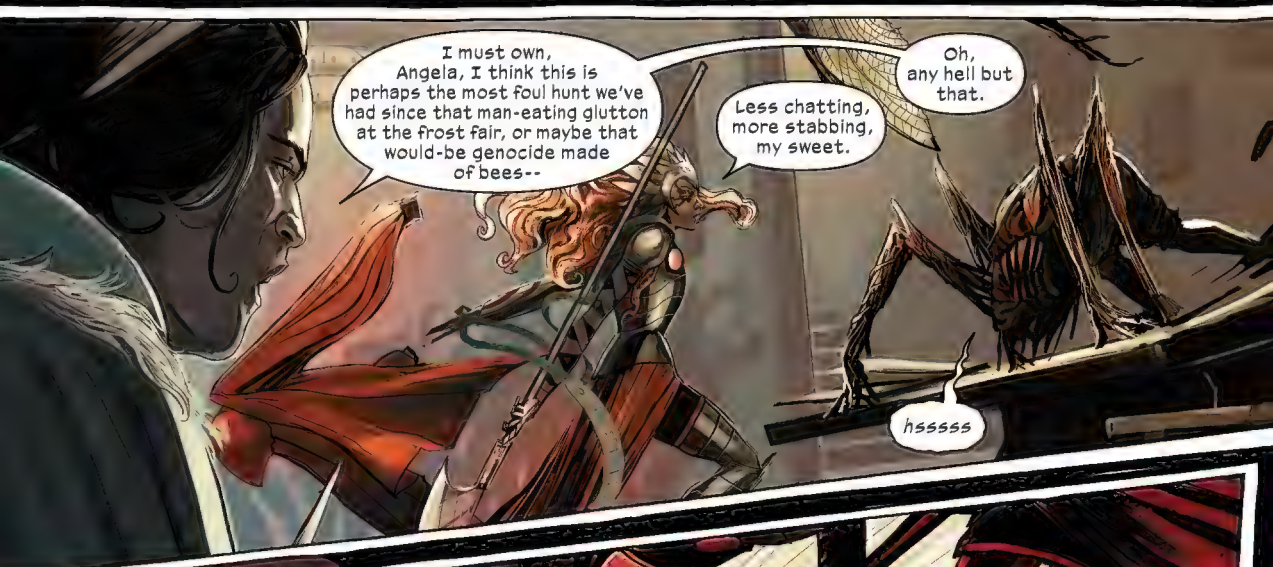
hsssss

skrrrrssss

This creature made a deal. He is--

A Faustian.





I must own, Angela, I think this is perhaps the most foul hunt we've had since that man-eating glutton at the frost fair, or maybe that would-be genocide made of bees--

Less chatting, more stabbing, my sweet.

Oh, any hell but that.

hsssss



Go to your death like an honest soldier, Barnes--

Or whatever is left of that pretty shell that was once Barnes.



On a merchant ship you met a lady who was great with child...a royal bastard, they say. You were paid for her killing.

I did not mean to kill-- I did not wish to kill--



Liar. Who paid you, and paid in that power you wield now?

Clear your conscience. There are slower ways to die.



Perhaps I summon my maker, and you learn them all.

Ah, yes. I can see our tombstones here! "They died as they lived-- flirting, drinking, quipping--"

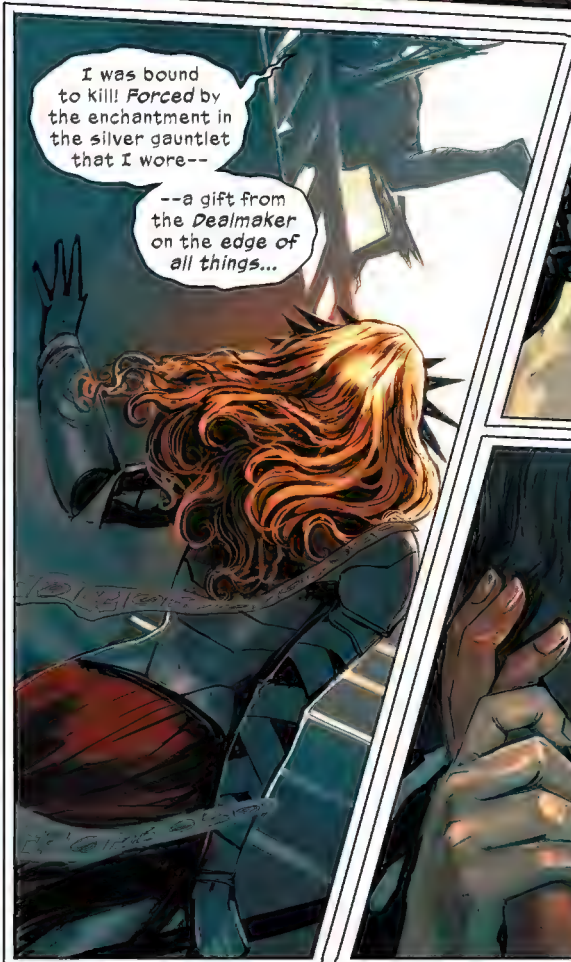


"--and killing preternaturally handsome villains who are going to see themselves chopped into fourths next--



"--unless they come down and fight like gentlemen."

SKREEEEEE!



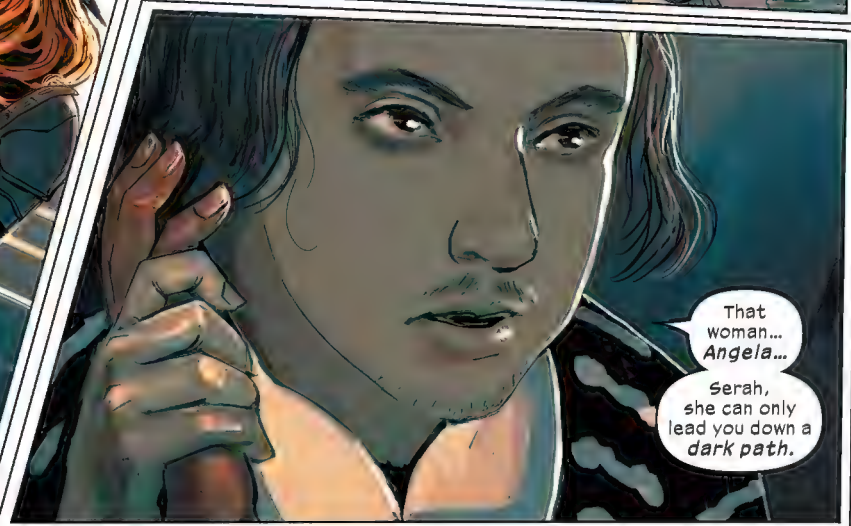
I was bound to kill! Forced by the enchantment in the silver gauntlet that I wore--

--a gift from the Dealmaker on the edge of all things...



Serah, don't!

What--?!



That woman... Angela...

Serah, she can only lead you down a dark path.



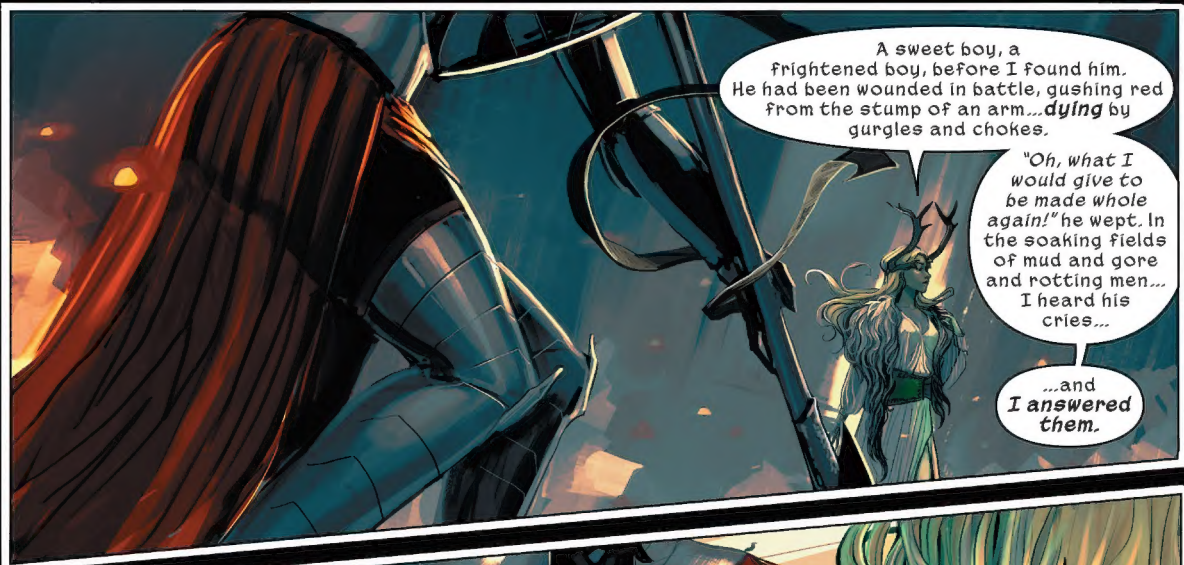


--the
Enchantress!

Rather a
hell of a herald,
was he not?

What
a pity.

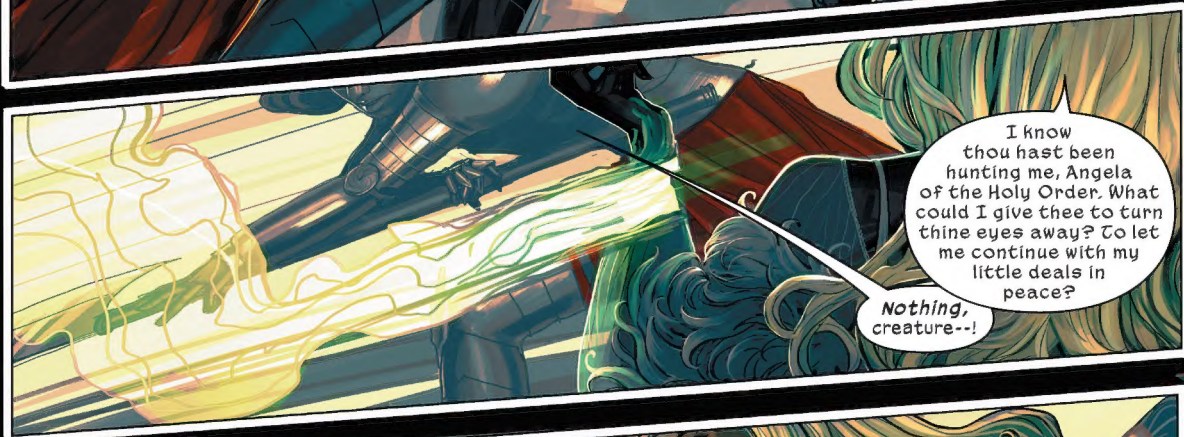
He was *so*
handsome.



A sweet boy, a frightened boy, before I found him. He had been wounded in battle, gushing red from the stump of an arm...**dying** by gurgles and chokes.

"Oh, what I would give to be made whole again!" he wept. In the soaking fields of mud and gore and rotting men... I heard his cries...

...and I answered them.



I know thou hast been hunting me, Angela of the Holy Order. What could I give thee to turn thine eyes away? To let me continue with my little deals in peace?

Nothing, creature--!



Very well. Then I shall grant thee something **freely**.

Nothing is for--

Oh, hush. Thou thinkest I know nothing of that little witch-hunting abbey of thine and its tedious maxims?

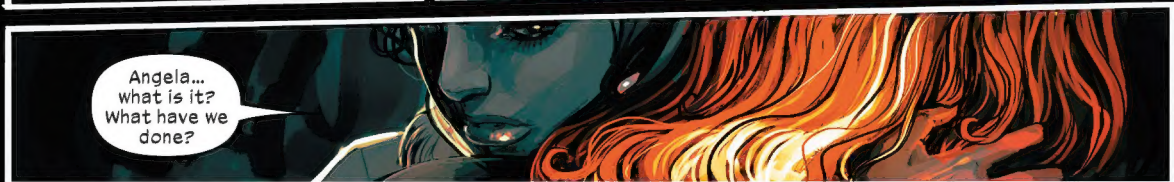
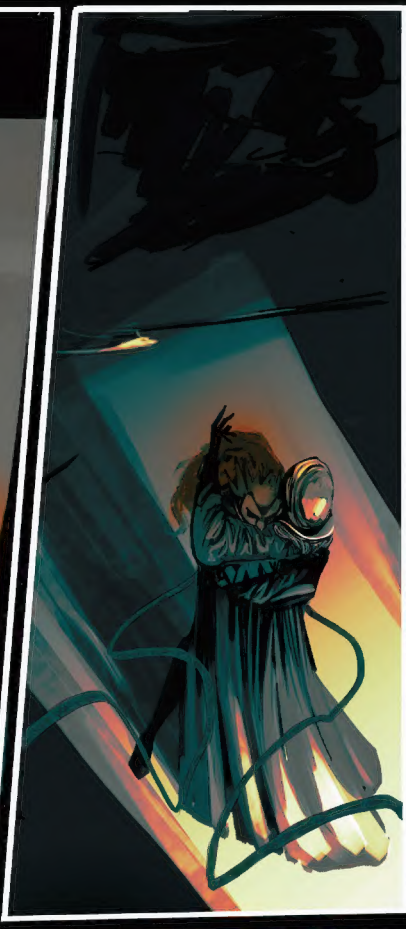
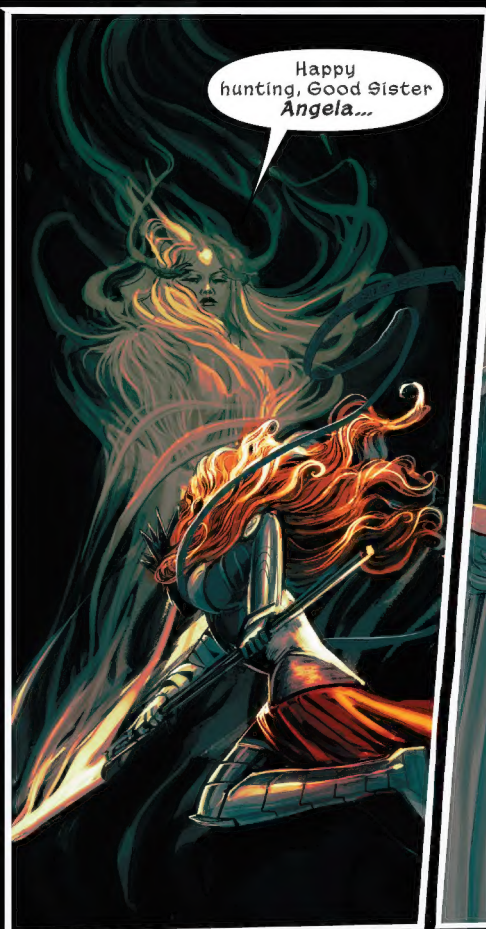


Thou lovest nothing so well as that minxy little bard thou shadoweth like the specter of her own death.

If you are so careworn for her well-being, then know, and tremble--

Before thou hast killed three more of my--**ha--Faustians**...

...thy sweet, sly Serah shall be **nothing** but ash and bone.



End of Part One.

Next:

*Part Two, In Which All The World's a Stage and
The Guardians Overthrow The Players*

